I'd Sacrifice Myself

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Summary: I did it to fulfill my job and to set the others free, but have I made the right choice? Warnings, does contain swearing, tentacle rape, and all that jazzy stuff.

1. Chapter 1

Ha! I'm baack! Didja miss me?

lol, I wouldn't either.

but hey, now I'm back with a total 'what if' fic for ya!

WARNINGS: This does contain tentacle rape of a ninja, for those of you who do not wish to read, don't read. I don't give two bus tokens if you flame the shit out of this, it's just going to appear as more reviews. There will be a very scared little ninja after the next chapter(Cause I'm gonna be a bitch like that and make you wait, cause I've never attempted to write a tentacle rape fic.)

Lol...I sure as hell don't own Ninjago, as stated by one user in a review: "it wouldn't be a kids show anymore..." ...But if someone could find a way to let me own it, I'd be forever grateful XD

Lol, enough of my blabber, let's get this going!

* * *

I'll sacrifice myself

Chapter One

Zane's POV

The Kraken grabbed me as I reached the water's surface, a thinner tentacle than the others that held onto the ship wrapped itself tightly around my waist, pinning my left arm to my side.

_"Do not think I'll let my prey go so quickly, especially something that willingly set me free." _The creature said with an ancient voice as old as the world, it was watery and deep, looking up, I could see that it hadn't let my friends go. _"I watched you as you climbed up the stairs, and I knew you would set me free."_

"So why are you not letting me go?" I countered as I was lifted out of the water, getting flipped upside down; cool rivulets of water ran down my leg, down my neck and into my face. Using my right arm, I pushed against the slimy limb, my hand slipping off several times.

"Because it's been so long since there has been a creature as beautiful as you. I just want to spend some time with you, get to know you better, then I'll return you."

"Why should I believe you?" I asked as he lifted me up to eye level. I was now even with the deck of the bounty, and heard someone behind me yell. Another tentacle had grabbed someone else off of the bounty. A flash of green whizzed by as he pulled his catch in closer to his eyes. "Let him go!" I shouted, and I began to struggle with renewed vigor.

_"But if I let you go, I'd be lonely, and if I let him go as well…who would help satisfy my thirst?" _ I understood that he was determined to detain one of us temporarily, but what did he mean by prey?

"Why did you choose us?" I asked, trying to stall until the others figured out how to make it let go of us. His grip on me shifted, and now I was dangling by one leg, both arms above my head.

_"You're strong, but the boy's prettier and he'd fight back harder, and I like that." _He moved so that we were shielded from the other's sight. They hadn't moved or said anything, as though they were frozen in shock, anxiously watching the scene play out in front of them. _"Besides…I have a thing about blonde boys…Your choice, yourself, or the green one."_I looked at Lloyd; he was mouthing all kinds of obscenities that Misako would make him wash his mouth out with soap for saying.

I realized what this monster wanted, and one of us was going to leave here a little less pure. He refused to release his grasp on the ship, until someone has promised to fill his sexual needs.

I took a deep breath. "I'll go."

OH Zaney-rainy, no!

Review, otherwise Zane might start crying, and you don't wanna make a nindroid cry, do you? I should hope not!

Yeah, in my fic, the Kraken can talk, but it's kinda weird sounding, so it's always going to be in italics. Just roll with it!

2. Chapter 2

**TENTACLE RAPE IS IMMINENT! **

**WARNINGS: This does contain tentacle rape of a ninja, for those of you who do not wish to read, don't read. I don't give two bus tokens if you flame the shit out of this, it's just going to appear as more reviews. **

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Chapter Two

Zane's POV

I looked over my shoulder at my father, he was looking down at the deck, and I knew he was crying. Was it my fault that he was crying, or was it that he could not protect me?

The tentacle which held Lloyd moved over towards the deck and dropped him down without caring if the fall would hurt him, instantly Sensei and Misako were by his side, and the others were looking at me sadly. Lloyd looked at me with sad eyes, and he mouthed two words to me.

I'm sorry.

A tentacle licked at my wrist, before it began to wrap itself around my arm, climbing up underneath the sleeve of my gi. It was slime and slid smoothly without much effort. He pulled me close and pushed the Bounty away with a hard shove. "_Go, I will return him when I am done with him." _He said with an unquestionable authority in his voice.

More of the small slimy tentacles slid under my clothes as the others flew away. He pulled me back towards the water's surface, and I closed my eyes when I felt the chilly water. I could feel the frigid currents running over my skin as he pulled me deeper into the water. I felt my gi being pulled away from my body, leaving me shirtless in the cold water, two tentacles reached for the waistband of my pants, and then I lost it.

I began flailing my limbs around, trying to get out of his grip. My mouth opened in shock, and water flooded into me. This must have been what it was like to drown. Except most people who drowned were not nindroids, nor were they about to be sexually violated by a kraken. Suddenly air filled my lungs again, opening my eyes; I saw that I was now in a rocky,

underwater cavern. My body was quickly pinned to the floor, and my pants had been pulled down to my ankles. I felt exposed, and vulnerable. More of the tentacles surrounded me, moving across my skin. One dipped under my boxers and prodded at my member. Involuntarily, I shuddered, it was a foreign sensation. I no longer wanted to watch as they violated my body, and closed my eyes, as though that would make it all end.

_"Open your eyes boy." _It said, his voice echoed around the cavern in a strange fashion. Shaking my head and keeping my eyes closed in defiance, I felt something tap at my lips, another tentacle, this one was begging for entrance into my mouth. Weakly, I reached with my left arm, trying to push it away. Another tentacle wrapped itself around my wrist, slamming it onto the rocky surface. It tapped again, wriggling against my tightly pursed lips, trying to slip into my mouth. I turned my head; I was determined not to let it have the satisfaction of completely using me. It continued poking my mouth, trying to see if I would give up and let it in, each poke left a little more of its natural, lubricating slime mixed with the salty sea water. The tentacle stroking me wrapped around my member with a grip to rival that of a Constrictai, and I couldn't bite back the yelp of pain, tears prickling at my eyes, the tentacle took advantage and shoved its way into my mouth, choking me, stopping only when it felt that it was in far enough.

_"If you even _think _about using your teeth, I'll stop being so gentle to you." _Mentally I scoffed. Gentle? He had pinned me against the ground, ripped my clothes off of me, and began to violate me!

I didn't move, and I guess that upset him, because not only did I receive another painful squeeze, but another tentacle slipped itself under my head, forcing me to bob up and down on the length of shimmery, blue-purple tendril which swelled slowly under the stimulation it was receiving. My jaw slackened just a little bit, and my lower teeth accidentally brushed against it.

The effect was instant; I was forced farther onto the tentacle, as though it wanted to mess with my circuitry. Two thinner tentacles slipped their way over my skin until they reached my nipples, squeezing and toying with them. I received a painfully constricting grip from another, and screamed out in pain, tears fell freely now.

They suddenly left my abused nipples, and began to tug at the waistband of my boxers, slowly sliding them down my legs until they were at my knees. A thicker tentacle nudged at my hole, and I started thrashing. If I could break out of the monster's grip, then I could attempt to swim away. I couldn't let this happen, not now, not with the final battle being so close!

The tentacle left my mouth, and I took a deep, shuddery breath, trying to calm myself down. _"Feel free to make as much noise as you want."_He said, and the iron grip around my cock relaxed, taking on a smooth, stroking rhythm. I bit my lip, and tried to force the noise back down. A small, soft moan slipped out, and I closed my eyes again. Another moan slipped out, this one louder, continuing for a few more seconds than the last one.

The tentacle plunged into my ass, and the moan suddenly was cut o, my eyes widened in shock, I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound came out. Tears fell down my face in thick streams, I wanted to die. It felt like I was being cut in half, it burned, and I just wanted for the pain to overload my systems, forcing me into an automatic shut down.

Anything would be better than this.

There was a moment where nothing was happening, I took another breath, and tried to reach to wipe some of the tears away, but the grip on my arms was too tight for me to move out of. It was pointless to struggle anyways. I was going to be here until he was done with me.

My vocal functions returned, and so did that tentacle which I had been giving a blow job to not too long ago, it soaked in the vibrations of my useless screams and cries for help, help which would not save me. It twitched and throbbed in my mouth, and the tentacle inside of me began to move, pounding in and out of me.

I no longer could deny the fact that my body was enjoying it, even though my mind was not. I hate the monster for making this happen to me, I hate my father for designing me so I would be almost exactly like a real human boy, but most of all, I hated myself for not fighting back before he grabbed me as I swam to the surface.

A warm, fruity, and thick liquid suddenly filled my mouth, choking me, slipping past my lips and dribbling down my face. Out of reflex, I swallowed, it went down slowly, torturously slow, pooling in my stomach. The tendril left my mouth, and I tried everything I could to force myself to throw it back up. Turning my head to the side, I closed my eyes, tears ran down my face, sliding over my nose before they either just fell to the ground, or continued to slip down my face.

The tentacle inside found something, something that made me see white, and my body felt warm, I couldn't tell if I was making noise anymore, my pulse pounded in my ears, making all other noises sound like I was underwater. The pounding became harder, more frantic, but deeper. My insides suddenly felt like they were on fire as more of that fluid was sent into my body. Lightning shot up my spine, and the world became white, and silent. With a shocking horror, I realized what had happened.

I was filthy and disgusting.

_"You played well boy, I will have to remember you for a future time, perhaps when I reunite with my kind, I could bring you to them as entertainment for the evening, would you like that?" _he asked as all of the tentacles went away. Despite my sore muscles and the pain that shot through me, I pulled my boxers and pants on quickly, curling up into a ball, trying to protect myself.

"N-no!" I said, closing my eyes tightly. What I would give to wake up on the bounty, but I hardly ever had dreams where I could feel something so realistic.

_"Stand up; you can't leave only half dressed." _He said, and with the help of a tentacle, I stood. The warm substance leaked out of me, and I nearly fell, trying my hardest not to vomit. _"I said stand up damn it! Do you really want me to just keep you forever?" _Looking up without even trying to hide the fear in my eyes, I stood, biting my tongue as fluid continued to run down my leg. _"Now come here, you want your shirt back? You have to come get it." _I took a step on shaky legs, and the feeling of the monster's essence sliding down became too much, I fell onto my hands and knees, and threw up.

Everything became dark. It was peaceful, it was safe.

He couldn't bother me here.

Sunlight, it was the first thing I saw from behind my closed eyes when I woke up, bright, warm, beautiful sunlight. It was blinding. It was just so much darker in there, the lighting had been so cold, but this, this was warmer and comforting.

Someone moved towards me, and I opened my eyes weakly. Please do not let the others see me like this. I would never be able to forgive myself for letting them see me like this, a defiled, broken person. I was pathetic, I was weak.

It wasn't one of my friends who had been moving towards me, and I widened my eyes. No.

They came closer, there were more of them now, and I pushed myself back. Cool ocean water ran over my hands, and I knew I was stuck. If I went back in the water, _he _would find me. If I went forward, I could only hope that I would be capable to fight them off, and wander the island looking for my friends.

A hand wrapped itself around my wrist, and I hung my head in defeat. I hadn't even attempted to fight back. Why bother, it was useless to try.

I wasn't worthy of being a ninja anymore.

They led me away, not caring if I tripped or stumbled over rocks.

Now, as they led me wherever they were taking me, was the time to prepare for any possible questions.

Why had I been so stupid as to let the falcon fly to the island before us? Had I not done that, then I would have had a way to let the others find me!

Perhaps I would soon be reunited with what remains of him.

* * *

Well...anyone know who/what captured Zaney-rainy-bo-baney?

THAT WAS THE FIRST EVER SEX/RAPE SCENE I HAVE EVER WRITTEN(you don't wanna know how much research went into this *shudders* my mind is permanently scarred even more)

Look, review, or the nindroid gets it.

3. Chapter 3

Lol...My mind has decided to be cruel to the Nindroid, but what else is new?

I have a fic idea for Zane/Cole lovers, and holy shit, hold onto your hats, I'm not being mean/abusive towards Zane in it. I'm letting Cole be the one who needs comfort. (So far I have Zane and Cole in a yelling match and Zane gets stuff thrown at him!)

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Chapter Three

Zane's POV

My hands were tied around the beam behind me, not like it was necessary, I wasn't going to run. I'd be running in circles and they'd still find me again. They were searching the entire island, looking for the others. I watched the ground as the sun began to descend, in a few hours; I would be alone in the darkness.

A shadow of a person approached me, stopping a few feet away before coming closer. I tensed as they stopped behind me. "Where are the others?" Garmadon asked, untying the knotted rope that held my hands to the wooden beam. I could sense his anger at my silence. He jerked me up by the front of my gi, and slammed me against the beam. "Where are they?!"

I coughed slightly, trying to clear my dry throat. "I-I don't k-know!" a fist was raised, and I lifted my hands in defense. "I'm n-not lying! I didn't arrive here with them!" The fist connected with my face, and I closed my eyes, trying to hold back tears. Garmadon let go, and I fell to the ground, he grabbed my right arm and twisted it behind me, leading me away from the small shelter. He shoved me towards several members of the army. "You know what to do with it."

They gripped my upper arms tightly and twisted them behind my back. They began walking; practically dragging me behind them when I stumbled over a rock, the pace they were moving at was too fast for me to regain my footing. They pushed down on my shoulders, and sat me on my knees on the ground. I looked at where we were.

We were right by the water's edge, and I felt my limbs flailing, attempting to get out of their grip and away from the water. _He _could find me if I touched the water, I just knew it.

A hand gripped my hair, and shoved my head under the surface.

_'Calm down Zane,'_I thought to myself, trying to conserve my breath. _'I know I can hold it for a long time, but I need to calm down and relax and clear my head before doing that.'_

Something brushed against my face, and my eyes flew open, breath escaping my body in a loud scream. A dark colored shadow retreated into a crevice in the rocks below. Was it the kraken? Hands pulled me up, and I coughed out water, shivering as it slid from my hair down my skin until it soaked into my already damp clothes. A strong wind blew, and chilled me entirely. I shivered violently. _'Don't make me go back under the water, please no. Anything but that.' _I thought. Cautiously, I looked up at the stone warriors who held onto my shoulder. A third one came near me, holding what appeared to be manacles. My hands were placed in front of me, and the placed them around my wrists. They were cold, heavy, and a little too tight, they dug into my artificial skin. As they pulled me up by my hair, the chain connecting the two cuffs dangled a little bit above my knees.

It was their way of silently saying that I was their prisoner, and I was not getting out of here any time soon.

* * *

Hey, look at me, I'm on a updating spree today! this is the third fic I've updated today! It feels great!

Look, review, or the nindroid gets it.

4. Chapter 4

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Chapter Four

Zane's POV

They didn't bring me back to the small shelter. Instead, they dragged me towards what appeared to be an open pit mine. A tray of a deep, almost luminescent purple _something _was shoved into my hands. One of the guards pointed towards a structure, and shoved me forward. As I walked slowly, I knew they were watching my every move, and I knew how slowly I was moving, if I tried to go quicker, the chain would beat against my knees painfully. When I got to the structure, the tray was taken from me,

and I was shoved back in the direction of the mine. Sighing softly, I took another tray. Looking around, I hunted for seconds with my eyes for a possible escape.

The fence was constantly patrolled, and the only gaps between the bottom of the wooden slats and the ground we not even large enough for me to stick my head through.

The gate was controlled from several constant army members.

A bridge hung over the pit, but if I tried going out there, they would notice instantly, and I would be punished. They knew I did not like water, at least not water that lead to the ocean. They would use that against me. I know they would.

Another tray was thrust into my hands, and I began to walk the same path.

It was so stupid, I should have been able to catch myself.

But I didn't.

The tray landed face down several feet away, I was face first in the dirt, a loose rock had made me stumble. there was an angry shout from the general of the army and he grabbed the chain, my arms going forward. Without allowing me time to get back up, he began to move, the gravel bit and tore at my skin as my sleeves were forced up by the pull of the earth beneath the fabric. They brought me back to the small shelter, and removed the cuffs. Turning around, he looked for something on a table.

I had seconds to react.

Pushing off against the ground, I ran straight towards the fence.

_'Getting closer, just a few more steps, you can do this!' _I told myself. My hands hit the wall, and I began to climb, or at least that was the plan. The wood had been smoothed down, possibly for the purpose of making it impossible to climb.

They were getting closer, and I tried again. This time, I managed to get off of the ground. Moving quickly, I scampered up the wall. The top of the fence was so close now! Reaching out for it, something forced my hand against the wall. I bit my lip, determined not to scream from the pain.

There was an arrow holding my hand to the wall. _'Do not move your hand. It has most likely already severed several wires that control the fine motor skills in my fingers. I do not need to cause more damage to myself.'_ Another arrow was fired, and this one only grazed my side, pinning the fabric of my gi to the rough wall. I turned my head so I could look at the members of the army. They were forming a tower, and getting closer to being able to reach me by the minute. I began kicking my legs, and pulled the arrow out of my gi, before I tried to pull the one embedded in my hand out. It was coming loose, and I threw a leg over the fence. Climbing over, I jumped down, landing noisily on my feet.

I took off, running blindly through the forest, pushing branches of bushes aside. All I needed to do was get away from them, I needed to get somewhere far, _far _away.

Something hit the back of my head, and I fell, closing my eyes I knew what had happened.

I hadn't been fast enough.

* * *

Hey, look at me, updating all quickly and stuff.

Look, review, or the nindroid gets it.

5. Chapter 5

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Chapter Five

Zane's POV

Opening my eyes, I couldn't see anything. Panic flashed through me, intensifying as I found my hands bound behind me. My eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness, and I realized that it was very late at night. My hand was numb, and I had to look down to make sure that it was even there.

That was problem number one. I couldn't move at all. I could blink, and that appeared to be the only physical thing I could do.

They had cut off my mobility, they had fiddled with my switches, and I shivered on the inside. I had trouble allowing Jay to touch them, and he understood that, but now Garmadon and his stone army had searched inside of me and found mobility. It was violating my very being.

_'Not like it would have been the first time I was violated though...' _I thought, and I shuddered mentally. As far as I knew, there was no way for me to restore my mobility without someone flipping the switch for me. I was now entirely at their mercy.

I helped Garmadon's forces.

I helped them to create something. I know I did.

The others are going to hate me now. They have every right to hate me.

I hate myself too.

I must have nodded off at some point, because the next thing I knew, I felt my chest panel being opened, and slowly opened my eyes, standing above me was Garmadon, and instantly I realized how easily he could destroy me right now. All he had to do was hit my power switch and shut me off, or hit the memory switch, and force me to fight against my brothers.

"I want answers before I hit this switch." He said, glaring at me. "Why didn't you arrive with the others?"

"I-" My vocal functions refused to answer, and I tried to find the right words. If I told him what had happened, he would use it against me. "I stayed behind so the others could go ahead."

"Why did you stay? You're obviously one of the strongest, wouldn't they want you to be there to protect the green ninja?" Shock ran through me. He wasn't referring to Lloyd as his son? Was it out of hatred, or fear that he would hurt him?

"I stayed because it is my job to protect Lloyd."

"And how did that protect him?" He sounded angry, and I pushed myself flatter against the support beam, as though I could just become as flat as paper, and melt into the splintery wood.

"Because he was the only other choice!" I shouted, tired of this game. "The kraken gave me the choice between your son, and myself. I knew what would have happened if I went, and yet I knew I could not let him hurt your son!" His glare faltered, and I knew I had hit something.

"M-my son was in danger?" He said, flipping my mobility switch, and closing the panel gently. "And you chose to sacrifice yourself?" I nodded, and he pulled out a key, and removed the chains from around my wrists. "Go. You have three minutes before I alert the guards."

I stood up, and started running. When I got to a rock and pressed myself against it, I saw the falcon lying on a table, surrounded by the stone army. Hate bubbled up inside of me, quickly cooling. I had a little bit of time left. Surely I could easily grab it and run, right?

Quickly crossing the remaining distance, I knelt down by a stack of barrels, using a small gap between two of them to watch for my chance. "You let him escape!" I heard Garmadon shout, and I only pulled in further to the gap as the warriors passed by. The coast was clear, and I dashed forward, grabbing my broken friend.

"It seems we're both broken in some way, my feathered friend." I whispered, before running towards the fence.

* * *

I hope you have all discovered that I am terribly lazy. I have no valid excuse for why this took so long.

Look, reviews make me feel like a lot of you like this. so go ahead, and we'll see if this story is going to get happier or not.

6. Chapter 6

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Chapter Six

Zane's POV

There was a gap between two boards in the fence, just big enough for me to fit through. I slipped through, stumbling into the thicket of plants ahead. My foot caught on one of the roots of a tree, and I stumbled, the falcon slipping out of my hands. I began to roll down a, slope that was thick with bright green foliage, coming to rest lying on my back, staring up at the morning sky, shoots of bamboo rising high above me. I closed my eyes as I felt the falcon nudge my side.

* * *

_"Zane...Zane, wake up. Please wake up. We need to know if you are alright." _A distant voice asked, they were miles away, and I was underwater.

Underwater. _He _was underwater. If I was too, then _he_ would catch me again.

One of his tentacles touched my shoulder, another brushed my hair away from my face. _He _had found me.

I shot up, the tentacles falling away instantly, my eyes flying open to find that I hadn't been underwater at all, and that I was on the Bounty, my father was beside me instantly, smiling. "You're okay!" He said, wrapping his arms around me.

Was I okay?

"What happened?" I asked, looking around. "How did you find me?"

"Kai had seen something moving through the leaves on the hillside when he had been fetching water from the creek. When he saw it was you, he brought you back." My father let go of me, and looked at me, taking in my wrinkled and sun-baked gi, and messed up hair. "Are you okay?" He asked, gesturing to my hand. Someone had taken the time to bandage it, covering the mark from where an arrow had pinned me to the wall yesterday. "Does it hurt?"

"A little, but it's bearable." I said, my voice scratchy and raw. My father handed me a glass of water, but I just sat there, starting at the small ripples on the surface. I looked up at him. "C-could you please l-leave me alone for a m-minute?" I asked, shivering as his eyes seemed to see right through me. He nodded, and stood up, exiting the room.

I was finally home. Did I want to be here though? What if the others asked about what had happened? What could I tell them? Would they think of me differently?

I placed the water down, my hands shaking slightly. Perhaps I should have just let the army catch me again.

It would be easier than telling the others.

"Zane?" Cole asked, poking his head into the room, a warm smile on his face. "I just wanted to let you know that we're glad your back, and that you're okay." He looked at me, and his smile slid off of his face, thick eyebrows knitting together in worry. "You alright? You're shaking."

I took a deep breath, and put on my most convincing smile. "I'm fine, I'm just really glad that I'm back."

"So what exactly took you so long?"

I looked at Cole as he sat down next to me on the cot, the mattress dipping down. He wasn't going to let me dodge the question. "I do not wish to talk about it." I mumbled, staring at the water glass, wishing it would spontaneously break and create a diversion so I wouldn't have to tell the others.

"So something happened. We know something did. Clearly you don't want to tell anyone, but would you rather tell one person now, or tell everyone when they gang up on you, asking for answers?" He finished his sentence with a small smile on his face, satisfied with his logic. "We won't judge you." He said, placing his hand on my shoulder. I shrugged away from his touch, and looked at the small cracks in the wood, following them.

He stood up, and I looked towards him, he was leaving. "If you don't want to talk about it now, I won't make you. If you ever feel like talking though, I'll listen."

* * *

Yeah...this took too long...and it wasn't that it was long, it was that I was trying to figure out who would talk to Zane first. He's finally back with the others though! Aren't you happy for him?

Look, reviews make me feel like a lot of you like this. so go ahead. All thoughts are welcome.

7. Chapter 7

I don't own anything. I'm simply one _hell _of an author.

* * *

Chapter Seven

Zane's POV

No one persisted to ask me what had happened, and I was okay with that. They left me alone for the most part. I was okay with that as well. The less I was around them, the more capable I was to forget everything that had happened. It was almost like I could pretend that we had all arrived at the same time.

Laying on top of the ship, I watched the sky as the sun set. Seventy-two hours had passed since I had been separated. Everyone had been worried when I hadn't shown up in a day after they got here.

"Hey Zane...c'mon, it's dinner time. You can't pretend that you're not hungry..." Lloyd said softly, sitting down next to me. I looked at him, taking note of the unhealthy color of his skin, the dark circles under his eyes were very prominent now.

I turned away from him, staring at the figure of something slipping back under the waves. "I am not hungry Lloyd." My body screamed at me to go eat something, but I didn't.

His arms wrapped around me suddenly, hugging me tightly. I wanted to shove him away, run, and scrub my skin off, but I didn't. "Thank you Zane, for everything." Something wet landed on my shoulder, seeping into my gi. "Y-your dad told me what he found in your gears when he went to check to make sure everything was working." Lloyd was quickly reverting back to his proper age, too young to have had to deal with that, but not so young that he didn't understand. "I'm so sorry." He whispered urgently into my shoulder.

I shifted, and he immediately let go, mumbling another useless apology, wiping his eyes on the inside of his sleeve, a habit I used to chastise him about when he was younger. Right now though, I couldn't care if he did. When there's nothing else around, whatever you've got is okay. "It's okay. All that matters is that you're safe." I said softly, hugging him, using my thumb to wipe away the tears that sat on his face. "Come on, let's go join the others for dinner. I bet you're hungry." I said, and he cracked a small smile, nodding.

* * *

Garmadon's POV

Sitting in the shade, watching the warriors carry trays of the dark matter back and forth gave me plenty of time to think about the robot.

_"You should send a scout group out to look for him! It's highly unlikely that they've found him, he could lead us to the ninja." _The Overlord

chided from behind me, as if I was a small child who had stolen cookies from the cookie jar.

"You told me that I should stop wasting their efforts searching for them yesterday, more of them are completing the weapon, which'll leave the ninja with little time to find a way to defeat me." I replied, turning to stare at the water.

It had been years since I had thought about the Kracken, and what it did to people. I knew the robot had known, if not, he did now. I know my brother knew as well. He would try to help Zane, and my son.

Lloyd, I know he would have been told what had happened, and I knew he would feel survivors guilt, because he knows it could have been him. He would now try to make it up to Zane. It was just the kind of person my son was.

As the sun set, my mind returned to that summer when Wu and I were teenagers, and had expirienced our own run in with the tentacled monster.

* * *

Lloyd's POV

Later, once we all decided to turn in for the night, I just laid there, facing the wall, listening to the others sleep. I could hear Kai snoring, Jay mumbling things to himself, and Cole's relatively calm and quiet breathing, but I couldn't hear Zane, it scared me. Usually I could hear him. I rolled over, and saw Zane lying on his back, staring up silently at the ceiling. From the pale moonlight that filtered past the blinds on our windows, I could see the trails of tears on his face. Sitting up, I walked over to him.

"Zane." I whispered, noticing the glossy look in his eyes, as if he wasn't there. _'Alright, do not touch him. You don't know what's going on. You do not, I repeat, **do not **want to make matters worse.' _I thought, perching myself on the frame of his bed, holding onto the ladder with my right hand. "Zane..." I whispered again, and he sat up suddenly, gulping in the air as if he was being drowned again.

I thought he'd calm down quickly, but he didn't, and his breaths just kept become more and more ragged, almost as if he was hyperventilating. "Zane," I said, a little bit louder, trying to get his attention. "Zane calm down, it's okay, you're safe!" I hissed, reaching out to touch his shoulders, trying to calm him down.

Worst idea ever.

It was like something inside him just snapped, and he started flailing, his arm hitting me square in the chest, and I tumbled to the ground with a loud thud. His breaths became rapider, and shallower. Getting up, I ran over to Cole, and started shaking his side like there was a fire. He groaned, before rolling over. "Cole, c'mon! I need you're help! Zane's freaking out or something!"

Those words got him up. He practically ran out of his bed, and saw how Zane was practically having some kind of fit. Running over to him, he caught Zane as he fell, wrapping his arms around Zane, pinning his bent arms against his chest. "Lloyd, go get Dr. Julien, he'll know what to do." Cole said, not caring if he woke up the others. Zane's legs were still flailing, hitting the bed posts repeatedly.

I ran down the hallway, and found Dr. Julien already coming this way. "I heard a thump, thought something might be wrong." Nodding breathlessly, he pushed me aside, before running to get to Zane.

In the few minutes I had been gone,Jay and Kai were now both awake, helping Cole pin Zane down. "Let him go, please. It's most likely not helping him at all. In fact, it might be making matters worse." The others quickly hopped back, leaving Zane to writhe on the floor.

We all watched silently as he opened Zane's chest panel, and looked for a switch, his hand hovering inches above it, before he flicked it. Zane quietly fell limp against the floor, his struggle ceasing.

"What did you...?" Jay asked, looking at Zane. His face was blank, eyes closed. "Did you...?"

"I turned off his memory switch, we're going to have to tell him everything he knew when he wakes up, and hopefully he'll believe us."

"Why?" Kai asked. Dr. Julien looked at me and nodded. "Wait, Lloyd knows why?"

"I only know because he told me." I said, pointing at Zane's dad. "He said I should know what was happening, and what had happened."

"But why'd you only turn off his memory switch? Why not use an emergency restart?" Jay asked, and I watched Dr. J sigh, shaking his head. He had picked Zane up, and tucked him back into his bed. Zane could have just been sleeping.

"Because he'd still remember what had happened. Until I can get him back to my workshop, I can't remove that memory file safely. Until then, we'll just have to keep his memory switch off." He paused. " As to why, I believe you can wait until morning for that. You all need your sleep." With that, he left the room, and I was the first to crawl back under my blanket, pretending I was asleep as the others pestered me for the answer.

_'I'm sorry Zane.' _I thought, watching the wall. _'It's all my fault.'_

* * *

**No, that Lloyd and Zane moment was NOT intened to be taken as yaoi, that was purely brotherly/teammate fluffy/healing love. I know some of you will think so (it does KINDA seem like it, even to me) but this isn't

a yaoi fic (unless you ship Zane with the Kracken...) I just have this thought that all the ninja have those brotherly bonds.**

What did you think of Garmie's POV? It's only like the 2nd or 3rd time I've done things from his point of view.

End file.